

BUY  
WAR  
BONDS

# The Stick

BUY  
WAR  
STAMPS

VOL. IX. NO. 2

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, FITCHBURG, MASS

Friday, November 26, 1943

## Seniors Trip To Boston

"On to Boston", was the gay cry of the sole remaining 20 members of the once multitudinous Senior Class as the twenty girls boarded the familiar B & M at 8 a. m. on Friday, November 12.

Enroute, the class recalled vivid memories of past years when proms were held midst the lavish splendor of the atmosphere—laden Longwood Towers or the grassy greens of the Vesper or Mt. Hood Country Clubs. For, on these romantic sites, in times past, Seniors have waltzed through evenings, of romantic bliss called Senior Proms.

Despite these nostalgic reflections, our Senior lassies were facing the fact that glamorous college proms are out for the duration, by substituting a day in Boston for the traditional Prom. Through this novel method the spirit if not the glamour of our former life was maintained in true F. T. C. spirit.

During the day, the girls went on shopping tours buying everything from scarce nail polish to steel wool for cleaning their mother's pots and pans. Luncheon at Stueben's provided a refreshing pause before the afternoon's activities which included the Symphony, visits to points of interest, and new movies—every girl to her tastes.

The entire Class met for dinner at the Alpine club where Miss McGlinchey, Senior Class advisor

### SENIOR GETS POSITION

Gladys Lavin has been notified that she has been appointed Physical Education Instructor at Leominster High School for next year.

Gladys is President of the Student Co-operative Association, Vice-President of the Senior Class, Secretary of the Columbia Press Association, Captain of the Green Team and Head of Tennis.

Next semester she will help Miss Bolger with the Freshman gym classes.

### NEW BOOKS IN LIBRARY

If you haven't taken advantage of the wonderful new books which the library has acquired it would be a good idea to do so.

and her sister Miss Anne McGlinchey joined them for the remainder of the evening. An orchestral salute to the F. T. C. delegation lent a festive air to our little party while dining. Attendance at the performance of Van Druten's comedy, "The Voice of the Turtle" starring Margaret Sullivan, supported by Elliot Nugent and Audrey Christie topped the evening with the play's theme: "Let's keep it gay".

The return trip home was one of swapping yarns about the day's activities plus many rousing cheers for the substitute Prom of the Class of '44!

### W. A. A. SPONSORS SUCCESSFUL THANKS- GIVING SOCIAL

Turkeys on the bulletin board, Puritans glaring at anyone who happened to walk through the main corridor and wishbones roosting in every mail box were all gentle reminders that a Thanksgiving dance was underway.

After days of suspense the library, doors opened at 7:30 on Tuesday, November 23. Johnny Newton's orchestra supplied the music and the dance went over with a bang.

Alice Grealis was general chairman. Committee chairman were: Decoration—Doris Caouette, Music — Posy McCarthy. Refreshments—Harriet Miller. Publicity —Mary Lou Doherty. Invitations —Peg Jennings. Clean-up—Fran Bartlett.

### NEW SMOKING ROOM FOR COM- MUTING GIRLS

No more treks to Miller Hall for a cigarette, for the Commuting Girls are going to have a room of their own for this purpose. Mr. Elliot's office is the location and four seniors have been appointed to draw up plans for the room.



# The Stick

## EDITORIAL STAFF

MANAGING EDITOR .....ANNE GILMARTIN  
 ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....MARGARET JENNINGS  
 NEWS EDITOR .....ELINOR BRODERICK  
 ASSISTANT NEWS EDITOR.PAULINA PUCKO  
 FEATURE EDITOR .....DORIS PORTER  
 SPORTS EDITOR .....MARGARET MCCARTHY  
 BUSINESS MANAGER .....GERALDINE MERRICK  
 CIRCULATION MANAGER .BARBARA MURPHY  
 ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE  
     REPRESENTATIVE      BELLE M. NIXON  
 FACULTY SPONSORS      BARBARA LAVIN  
                             C. W. HAGUE

## STUDENT CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION MEANS JUST THAT

We thought that it might be interesting to find out just what students at F. T. C. thought their Student Co-operative Association did and was. We used the questioning method. The students were for the most part inarticulate, but we did glean a few answers: "The Student Co-op spends my \$16 dollars for me". "If I have any problems, I can tell the Co-op; they'll do something about them—maybe". "How are we Freshmen supposed to know about it, nobody has told us anything". "I've been here three years and I still don't know the score". This you will admit is a sorry state.

Five years ago our Co-operative Association was established. The purpose of the association as listed in the Constitution is: "to regulate all matters pertaining to student life which do not come within the jurisdiction of the faculty; to further in every way the spirit of unity, co-operation, and loyalty among the students of our college; to increase their sense of responsibility toward one another and to be a medium by which the social standards of the college may be maintained on a high plane. Flowery language perhaps but even so a far cry from the popular conception of the Co-op".

We hope that this excerpt makes these two things clear; This is your Association. You are the members. As members, it is your duty to exercise the

# The Ash Tray

## OBSERVATIONS OF A TRAINER

Training is a mere word to Freshmen, scarcely a reality to Sophomores, and a threatening bug-boo to Juniors. But to all it is a kind of Sword of Damocles. Let a veteran of half a semester tell you what it is really like.

For the first few days you sit at a desk correcting papers, observing, and feeling ignored and inadequate. Then comes The Day, your first lesson. You're sure it will flop. You regard the children with suspicion, for you are certain the chief aim in life is to harry you with their deviltry. You resolve to wield a firm hand so you adopt a stern exterior, the inevitable poker face. You hide behind a pair of glasses that you really don't need hoping they will make you look more the pundit than the punster you really are.

You find yourself on the other side of the desk for the first time, and you suddenly feel you belong there. That's all there is to it. You smile, come out from behind your glasses and become your natural self. The initial plunge is over and the rest will be easier.

After the first week you are right at home. Even Miss Gearan's visits don't bother you. You realize that your supervisor, far from being an ogre, is a sympathetic, understanding person who will help you any time you're in difficulty, and the children are not mere guinea pigs for you to experiment with, but normal, lovable children. You even come to like the problem children.

The last day arrives and you find you have acquired something of a maternal feeling for the children whom you have come to know so well. As you leave you realize that all you've done in the past years was but a prelude to this. You know definitely what you are going to do with your life. You have found your niche. The Sword of Damocles is no more.

rights of members. Get rid of the "Let George do it" attitude which seems to be gaining momentum of late. Unless these facts are taken seriously, and quickly, the Student Co-operative Association is going to find itself a sad ghost of something that was.



## Campus Chatter

### Eavesdropping on the Seniors.

Ask anyone who went to the symphony about the technique in Schumann's first movement but see Sugah Thomas, Anna C. or Mary K. for the details about Charlotte Vogue's last movement.

\* \* \*

Speaking of techniques, for an illustrated lesson in the technique of getting acquainted see Margie Gilmore. Her method has been tried and tested on the streets of Boston and is now sworn to by the U. S. Army and Marine Corps.

\* \* \*

The absence of our spirited Marie Bouley due to illness made it quite difficult to "keep it gay" as the Voice of the Turtle would say.

\* \* \*

Our charming Class President acquired an interesting item while at the Symphony. She didn't have time to use it however, so, undergrads, any time you're in Boston call Aspinwall 6212 and ask for Dick. P. S. Irene Boucher did a great deal of the work in acquiring this information, so please say, "Thanks" to her for it too!

\* \* \*

One thing the Alpine Club knows now: When Hughes says she wants fruit cup. SHE WANTS FRUIT CUP!!!!

\* \* \*

If the tune "Are There Any more At Home Like You?" should have a revival, Miss McGlinchey could certainly answer with a hearty Yes. Too bad that '44's men in the service had to miss out on a theatre party with two such charming chaperones.

\* \* \*

Add to your list of F. T. C. engagements that of Alice Dobson '45 and Clint Stevens '44.

—Continued on Page Four—

## Green and White

Well, girls, it certainly looks as though the gremlins don't approve of hockey. Twice now those gremlins who run the weather bureau have "done us do it" and made us call off our scheduled hockey game. But never mind, we'll grab the first good day that comes along. Anyway, we did have a good practice game, didn't we? That poor little old hockey ball certainly got banged around a little bit more by the Seniors and the Sophs than by the Juniors and the Frosh—witness the score: Seniors and Sophs 3, Juniors and Frosh 1. However, the score is not the thing. It's the spirit in which the game is played and in this respect everyone scored 100%. Naturally the playing was super and special praise goes to the Freshmen who "tried their darnedest"—which was good! But keep your fingers crossed gals—if this snow melts and gives us a couple of good days, we'll be out there with a "White, White, fight, fight" and a team "that never yields" to show you some real hockey. If not, we'll see you next spring and play it off then.

Extry! Extry! Something new has been added to the W. A. A. Namely, swimming under the able leadership of Harriet Miller. On Thursday last, a group of fifteen girls piled into Flanagan's bus and traveled to Gardner Memorial Swimming Pool where they were given instructions in diving and formation swimming.

In true mermaid fashion, of course, the girls splashed and fooled around, having more fun than a pool full of goldfish. It was a great start for our new sport and here's hoping we have many more chances to go swimming in the very near future.

## THANKSGIVING 1943

*Turkey, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie,  
Ugh! I choke on my food,  
But I try to smile at the little ones.  
There's an empty place at the  
Thanksgiving table  
For he's away,  
In some Foxhole maybe,  
Eating a chocolate bar or some slop  
in a tin dish  
While we gorge ourselves with  
delicacies.  
It's not just.  
I could scream at the injustice of it!  
Why should I be thankful today?  
My heart dries up at the thought of  
him out there.  
Then I look at the little ones again.  
I see the answer in their shiny faces.  
Their world will be brighter,  
Thanksgiving will be real  
Because he's away  
This Thanksgiving Day.*

D. Porter.

### Co-Rec

What with the rain and the snow in our hair, it looks as if we girls are going to hibernate noontimes for the winter. But what do we care what the weather man says—for Co-Rec has started! In case some of you Freshmen are still in a daze as to how Co-Rec functions, an explanation is in order.

Co-Rec is especially designed for the purpose of getting all the boys(?) and girls together noontimes (12:15—1:15) to have fun playing ping-pong, shuffle-board, badminton (everyday) and volleyball (Mon. Wed. Fri.)

Sign-up sheets are posted on the bulletin board in the lobby, giving every student an even chance to sign up for the sport he wants to play on the day he wants it. Of course, it isn't as cut and dried as it may sound. Far from it! If you have been in the Ad building any noon time certainly you can't have missed the squeals of ecstasy, despair, disappointment, surprise and every other type of squeal that there is. Certainly you've seen some fair creature tearfully tearing her hair because she's mis-

—Continued on Page Four—



## ORGANIZATIONS

### Student Council

The Council is making plans for an all-school Association meeting on December 6th.

### Dramatic Club

At the November meeting two one-act plays were presented: It was announced that the Christmas party would be held as usual.

### Glee Club

Members are rehearsing untiringly to make the Christmas Assembly, which they are sponsoring this year, a success.

### Student Forum

The Forum's new program of bi-monthly meetings for the discussion of current topics has exceeded by far the hopes of its organizers. The discussions have been educational and entertaining. The topic for discussion on December 2 is: "To Accelerate or Not to Accelerate".

### Art Club

The Art Club met for the first time this year on November 18. With the increased appropriation from the Council a more active year is planned.

## CAMPUS CHATTER

—Continued from Page Three—

When Frank Sinatra dons his khaki, the Alpine Club stands ready to provide America with it's next masculine croon through your nose sensation. You really haven't lived until you've heard their blonde edition of Hildegard give forth with Sym pa thee.—Oh... Symp.a, theeee. It's guaranteed not only to make the chills run up your spine but also to make the runs zip up your stockings.

\* \* \*

The perfect description of the Alpine Club was curiously enough woven into the lines of Margaret Sullivan, "It's such an expensive place. There are no menus. They just come and suggest things". Do they!!!

## Servicemen's News

Pfc. Ralph Testamata, former member of the Class of '46, recently visited F. T. C. He wears the Army Air Corps insignia, and is stationed at Boca Raton, Florida, while awaiting assignment as a radioman.

Ensign Phillip McGuirk is an instructor at Columbia University. Not long ago Phil was here at our school as a member of the Class of '43.

At Williams College in Williamstown, Mass. we find David MacNamara, who was the president of the Class of '46 while at F. T. C. Dave is an aviation cadet in the Naval Air Corps.

Ensign John O'Neil, treasurer of the Class of '43, is aboard a light cruiser in the South Pacific. He is an optical officer on board ship and also instructs mathematics. Now aren't you glad that you went to F. T. C., Jack?

Corp. Leo Couin, class of '45, is stationed at Camp Edwards, Mass. with an anti-aircraft division. Your letter to the Junior Class was very entertaining, Corporal!

With a field artillery unit in England is Pvt. James Cooney, a former member of the Class of '45.

Pfc. Robert O'Neil, Class of '46, is stationed with a Marine unit at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

A recent visitor at F. T. C. was Cadet Arthur Lane, class of '44, who is stationed at the University of Pennsylvania. Also a visitor was Dave Scanlon—president of the Class of '44.

## GREEN AND WHITE

—Continued from Page Three—

sed a beautiful set-up in ping-pong or you've seen others strutting around because her volleyball team got five points in a row because of her serves.

## THE SOPH PARTY

For weeks gaily colored posters beckoned to passersby. Sophomores laden with huge, bulky bundles scurried hither and yon. What was it all about? The sophomores weren't letting us in on their secret.

The big night was here. Hasty peeks in the gym during the decoration period assured us big things were afoot. As we rattled the gym windows, we could smell the tangy spice of the pine branches and hear the rustling of the muslin sheets.

7:30, the big moment had come. The whole College turned up in their very best.

A John Paul Jones number started things moving. It had its bad points though. A girl never knew when she would be stranded with no available partner. Stealthy glances down the stag line averted this catastrophe for some smart gals.

The refreshment table was tops. It was heaped with doughnuts, cider jugs, and candy dishes. Several refills of glasses and plates testified to the quality of the refreshments. In fact, the refreshment table was the most popular place all night. We had better look to our laurels, girls.

For entertainment, (did we need any) a sweet soprano sang to the tunes of a mellow old oak piano. A cadet soloed, then we all made merry. We sang 'till the rafters rang.

Prizes of Jack O'Lanterns overflowing with fruits and candies were awarded the cadets, who succeeded in acquiring the apples they bobbed for. The boys sham-pooed their hair in the process.

We left at 10:30 on the dot. Souvenirs will be kept until the next time. Ruth Fitzgerald's not the only one who has a spook leering at her from her dorm wall. Too bad it couldn't have lasted longer.